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FROM TENNESSEE.

Correspondence Interior Journal.

With your permission, I will give my Lincoln county friends an item or two in regard to East Tennessee. I am aware of the prejudice that exists in the minds of many of them against this portion of the State, and I must confess that, had I never had any other opportunity of learning the true history of this section than from the samples of its inhabitants that I saw during the late war, I should certainly have retained my first impression: that this was the most God-forsaken country on the habitable globe.

But having visited this country, and mixed with its society, my opinion has been entirely changed. I have found as well-cultivated people here as I have met anywhere, and the "common herd" are as intelligent as in old Lincoln. It is true the country is broken, and the soil in general is not to be compared in fertility with the Kentucky bluegrass region; but there is a spirit of public improvement manifested here, both material and intellectual, which would do credit to the wealthiest portions of Kentucky. Churches, schools, colleges, and fine public buildings are abundant, and railroads are being built in every direction. Soon the scream of the "iron horse" will be heard from the lofty pinnacles at Cumberland Gap, and the metropolis of our own beautiful State will be linked by an iron chain with the sea.

No country possesses more natural resources than East Tennessee. Coal, iron, lead, and other valuable minerals abound in the mountains; and the numerous creeks and rivers furnish ample water-power for all manufacturing purposes. Provisions are as cheap here as elsewhere, and laborers can always command fair wages. Business of every kind is good, and steadily increasing. The sober and industrious immigrant receives a hearty welcome and a helping hand from the citizens of this section. But enough of Tennessee for the present. Will you ask "Pluto" to put in his contributions every week? We like to hear from all portions of the country; but being better acquainted in his locality, we naturally look with eagerness for his letters.

I am a true friend of your paper, and therefore pleased to see that it is read by several of the best citizens in this place and in other portions of East Tennessee. LINCOLN.

Samuel Wheeler the Lincolnian.

Samuel Wheeler was the most eminent Lincolnian of his time in the United States, and probably equal any in the world. During the Revolution, General Washington desired to put a chain across the Hudson river, in order to stop the ships of the British. He happened to mention this one day in the presence of General Mifflin, saying "I wish much that I could get a chain made; but that is impossible." "I think," said the other, "I know a man who can make such a chain." "Who is he?" "Sam Wheeler, a friend and townsman of mine," replied Mifflin. "I should like to see that man," said Washington, earnestly. "He is here now in the army," said Mifflin; and sending a messenger to him, Mr. Wheeler soon presented himself. "I wish a chain made," said Washington, "to put across the river to stop the British ships. Can you make it?" "I can," "Then I wish you to do so." "I cannot do it here." "Then," said Washington, "I cheerfully give you permission from the army. Hail to you when we cannot afford to keep such a man as you."

Mr. Wheeler made the chain. It was hauled in links across New Jersey, was hung and did good service. It was cut ultimately by building a fire about a link, and then using a chisel and sledge hammer.—Scientific American.

A LADY made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom, and when she filled it for him he used to drain it to the bottom, and she asked why he drank every drop.

"Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel."

Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank of just the same, and she again asked the reason.

"Why," he replied, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

LIFE is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern on it as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another.

When does not a son take after his father? When his father leaves him nothing to take.

Ye Book Agency.

I always was of a benevolent turn of mind, and my only real pleasure in life is derived from making others happy. This trait of my nature began to develop itself in my early childhood; for, when a little boy at school, my motto was: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How I labored to impress this upon my fellow-pupils—especially when one had a nice apple or cake; and how my heart thrilled with benevolent joy when I could thus make one of my playmates happy! I never saw but two persons in the world that understood this doctrine too well—my father and the instructor of my tender years—and I sincerely believe they are the only persons I ever made happy and did not experience the same blissful feeling. Now, the same spirit that prompted my early acts of benevolence urges me to write this warning, that others may avoid the reefs upon which I was wrecked.

At the age of nineteen I was anxious to begin life "for myself," as I called it, and I obtained a situation as teacher in one of our public schools. All went merrily as a wedding bell till my school was out, then I was out of employment. Instead of waiting, however, for something to turn up, I determined to turn something up, and I did. I got a newspaper and read over the advertisements. Every few lines I could see "Book Agency Wanted," "Salary Per Month," "Unparalleled Success," "Strike While the Iron is Hot"—and I struck.

I sat down and wrote to forty-seven publishing houses. The next week I received two hundred and thirty-four letters from different firms, each declaring its own books to be the best and most salable. Here was a dilemma I had not anticipated. I could not take all of them, but at last I selected six of the largest titles, and sent the money for outfit. Impatiently I waited, and at last they arrived. After opening the packages, and while examining the books, a little white pamphlet dropped from between the leaves of one of them. I was sick of "circulars," and was about to leave the pamphlet where it had fallen, when an evil spirit that always attends me urged me to pick it up. I did so, and, on turning over the last leaf, I read: "Private Hints to Agents—(Strictly Confidential.)" I closed the book in less than no time, for several persons were standing around, and I did not wish to betray the confidence of my employers. I got to the post-office and struck for home; I left the post-office, locked the door, drew down the curtains, lighted my lamp, and, after peeping under the bed to see that no one was present, I sat down and began to inhale the contents of the mysterious document. Enraptured! It isn't the word. Language fails me to express my feelings. I was not aware of the height of the calling in which I was about to engage till that little book enlightened me. The preacher was nowhere. The world was clay in my hands, and I could shape it as I pleased! (I confess that was a little too tough, considering that my books were all different editions of Mason's "Farrier," but the book reassured me, and I read on.)

Presently I came to something like this: "Do not stop for weather; the stormiest weather is the best. Just put your pants in your boots and go ahead: an industrious, energetic young man doesn't mind the weather." I had always longed for a chance to convince the world of my business qualities, and that would do it. I read it over and over. I read it again; then I jumped up, and, imitating Archimedes, I cried out, loud and long, "Eureka!" That would look like business. That would show energy. That, O glorious day, that would make people say, "He'll be a business man, won't he? Just look at him! Ain't that energy?" I could read no farther. I could not let myself down to earth again; no, never. I pressed the little book to my throbbing breast, as I would have done a pretty girl, and replaced it in my vest-pocket. Was I going to start out immediately? Not I! I knew my own interest better than that. I just sat down, perfectly at rest, determined to wait for the first stormy day and make a bold business beginning.

I did not have to wait long. That was on Monday. Well, Wednesday evening, cold and stormy, gave place to a colder and stormier night, and that to a still colder and stormier morning. The rain was pouring in streams of three feet diameter, and so cold that they would have frozen an iceberg until it cracked into a million atoms. I will not attempt to describe my feelings that morning; language is too weak. Suffice it to say that that was the proudest moment of my life. How true that "when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;" but in the present circumstance, it would have conducted much to my bliss to have had a little more worldly wisdom. I got equipped according to the instruction of the little book, and when about to start, some one suggested that an overcoat would be of some service to me. "It is not in the little book," says I. "Well,

won't you take something around you?" "It is not in the little book," says I. They soon saw it would do no good, and ceased to bother me.

I started, but the first mile shook my faith in the little book. The mud was nearly up to my boot-tops; and oh! the cold rain. "Go to the farmers," said the little book, and to the farmers I went. Slowly and wearily I dragged myself on. Mile after mile, hour after hour, brought no pause in the rain, no diminution in the depth of the mud, no rest to my tired limbs, and no names on my canvassing books. I bargained for a stormy day, but the contract was a little too well filled. Twelve o'clock came, and not a book sold. My faith in that little book received a fresh shake, and my teeth many a one. Undaunted, I pushed on. I hinted at every place I called for the next two hours that I had had nothing to eat since morning. Everybody said I must be hungry, but no one asked me to eat. By three o'clock I had walked forty miles, visited thirty houses, and had not sold a book. I was getting a little despondent, when told that a man just ahead wanted a "horse doctor book." That was balm to my tired soles and food to my empty stomach. Following the instruction of the little book, I inquired his name and peculiarities, and started for him. I hastened on as fast as possible, and made pretty good time, considering I had to go back every few rods to hunt for a boot. At last I reached the entrance of the unpromising domicile, and, while engaged in the operation of cleaning the real estate from the protectors of my understanding, I thought what a gem a rough exterior often hides. Perhaps within this humble dwelling there lies concealed some mind that, with a slight cultivation, might grasp the lightning with victorious hand and shake the sun from pole to circumference. Instinctively the words of Gray passed through my mind, and I found myself repeating—"Full many a gem of pure ray shone—

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear: Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

By this time my boots were in a tolerable presentable order. Raising up, I rapped a gentle knock upon that conglomerate of boards and nails falsely denominated a door, but no one came; another, and another, with considerable detriment to my cold knuckles, but with the same result as before. Finally I got desperate, and pitched into that door with a series of kicks that would have done honor to any "jack-son" in the land. As I expected, this brought somebody. I heard the old man say, rather fearfully, "Sal, take the shovel and see if that ain't the darned old black ram at the door again." I heard Sal coming, and put myself in the most favorable attitude to give her a stunning blow; for my little book had fully advised me of the importance of first impressions. I saw I had fixed myself to give her a handsome salutation, but the confusion—the young lady, I mean, did not give me a chance. She just opened the door and struck a blow that would have shaken Gibraltar from center to summit, without looking to see whether I was a sheep or not. I didn't make a graceful bow, for it was all I could do to dodge the old shovel. Without permitting her to come to an examination of what she had done, I rushed by her and greeted the old man thusly:

"How do you do, Mr. —?" says I. "Just as I please," says he. "A pretty stormy day," observed I. "It's a stormy one, but the party I can't see," he replied. I was not abashed. I had learned that day to stand anything. "Mr. —," says I, "I heard that you wanted a horse doctor book, and I have called to show you one of the best that is published; it is a plain, complete, comprehensive, complete—"

"Yes," says he, "I do want one. Is yours a good one?" "You shall see for yourself," I replied, as I produced my largest canvassing-book and handed it to him for inspection. Taking it bottom upward, and perusing it left-handedly for about fifteen minutes (all the while I felt like a juvenile angler with a cat-fish nibbling at his hook), he handed it back to me, exclaiming, "Well, stranger, I'd like to have the book; what's the price?" "It's put up in two styles of binding; \$3.50 in boards and \$4 in sheep," I answered. "Well, stranger, I would like to have the book mighty well, but I ain't got a bit of board money on my hand, nor no chance of gittin' any round here; as to sheep, I ain't got but one darned old horny ram on the place, and to tell the truth, stranger, he's not worth his salt; but if you'll take him I reckon he can out-butt any."

I did not hear the rest of that sentence, for, with one yell of despair, and a leap that would have done honor to Twaill's "jackman rabbit," I left that unhallooed spot and started for home.

I made the first fifty yards in half an hour, and bade fair to make the next I double the time, when, in a desperate attempt to extricate my left foot from the mud where it had seemingly taken up winter quarters, I pushed my right leg into the confounded stuff up to my

knee. Down went my left again, and up came my right one, but still I gained nothing, for every time I got one foot out the other one sank deeper. I soon saw this would not do; if I continued I would soon be over my head and ears in the stuff; so I desisted pulling and went to yelling in good fashion. My cries soon brought help in the person of the old sheep. I saw him coming, and redoubled my cries in order to frighten him, but to no purpose. He came slowly up and stopped within a yard of me, and began to calmly contemplate the scene. Presently he grew more minute in his researches, and, after satisfying himself that I was a human being, he began to examine me as a suitable object for a target. After he had completed his examination, he stepped back and gave me a wink and a nod, as plain as to have said, "Stand still, sonny. You are the best thing to butt that I've seen in two months!" Executing a flank movement, he attacked me in the rear. I knew what was coming, but could not move; I tried to fall down, but I was so deep in the mud I couldn't do that; so I had to stand still and take what came. He commenced by knocking the seat of my pantaloons over the top of my head, the first lick, and the other licks were in proportion, only he'd change his base once in awhile. Finally, after breaking three or four ribs, dislocating my hips, and jolting me wrong side up, he smiled a sweet "Thank you, sir," and left me. How I got home I don't know, nor do I ever want to. The next thing I remember was finding myself at home in bed, surrounded by weeping friends and kindred. Upon inquiry, I found that I had been there just five weeks, and at the point of death the whole time. It took me some time to gather in form the incidents of that dreadful day, and I am not certain that I have got them right yet. Since I have got well I haven't heard of the little book, and hope I will never see it again. I am firmly convinced that its author is an escaped lunatic.

As soon as I was able to sit down, I made out a financial statement of that day's business. It stood thus:

BOOK AGENCY TO ADAM FOULE, DR.	
To price of canvassing books.....	\$25.00
1 pr. boots.....	15.00
1 suit clothes.....	25.00
1 cushion chair.....	25.00
physician's bill.....	500.00
my standing in the community as of sound mind.....	1000.00
Total.....	\$1,590.00

Yours, in sadness,
ADAM FOULE.
MONTICELLO, KY., Feb. 1, 1873.

A GREAT mystery has been cleared up in East Tennessee. In September last Thomas G. Boyd, a loyal Internal Revenue officer disappeared mysteriously, and it was announced that he had been killed in the mountains of Monroe county. Two men swore they were with him when five masked desperadoes attacked and overpowered them. The surviving witnesses were bound and held while Boyd, according to their account, was first killed and his remains burned. It was a thrilling narrative, and used with good effect to influence the election. Boyd, a patriotic Radical office-holder, had fallen a victim to the fiendish hate of his rebellious political enemies. The remains of his charred bones were gathered up and reverently interred in the family burying ground amid the tears of his family, and the vengeful curses of his political friends.

But while many mourned, a few were incredulous of his death, and among these his bondsmen, who had lodged him to the amount of \$40,000 and saw a suspicious connection between his disappearance and his sudden insolvency. Vigorous efforts were set on foot to find him, and they have finally resulted in finding the absconding defaulter in Toronto, Canada, and in bringing him back to Tennessee for trial. The reported killing proved to have been a made up job, while the remains which had been burned and then buried as his, are ascertained to have been those of a negro boy who had died in his family a short time ago, probably being killed for the special purpose of making his plot complete in all its details.

Two little school girls were lately prattling together, and one of them said: "We keep four servants, have got six horses, and lots of carriages. Now what do you got?" With quite as much pride, the other answered: "We've got a skunk under our barn."

A JUDGE charged a jury as follows: "Gentlemen, of the jury, you must find that the defendant is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. A reasonable doubt is such a doubt as will convince a reasonable man that the defendant is not guilty."

A MERCHANT advertised for a clerk "who could bear confinement," and received answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

JIMES says that the grocers ought to hire a music teacher to teach the scales correctly.

REVUE DE LA MODE.

As drear winter wanes, already the wide-awake importers have their spring goods opened, and many are the magnificent displays. Modistes predict no extreme changes in styles, etc.; but the minor details of costumes will be more varied and *distinguee*.

Without doubt, the success of three things is assured: plain grounds of quaint hues, in exact antagonism to positive colors; second, polka dots are to be the striking novelty, as I stated in my last review; third, in grenadines, *batiste* (a thin sheer lace goods), and white goods of other descriptions, there will be prevailing lace-like stripes, resembling gurgule and even the rich Spanish designs. We will occasionally find goods almost too warm for extreme summer wear woven in these same thin stripes. It is well this is introduced, as our climate is so variable as to compel the necessity of such costumes.

These present a somewhat different appearance than formerly, having a soft, lustrous finish like *poul de soie*, or *tulle* silk. Beautiful colors in stripes, and on the edges we find exquisite designs in bordering, like our calicoes sometimes.

These are, without doubt, the pure place materials. For beauty of finish and firmness of texture, as well as durability, I should always commend them to the economist. They come in all shades, but the black is preferable as it can be worn at all seasons.

The *Medicine* sleeve is again paramount, especially for the heavy silks and velvets. It consists of an immense puff at the top of the sleeve, and puffs extending thence to the elbow, from which falls a graceful ruffle of lace.

For evening there are many new styles, principally consisting in feathers, beads, lace, moire antique, ribbon, and even pearl shells and buckles. Some are arranged to perfection, and, with a little skill, many of your readers could arrange a new and stylish *coiffure*. Puffs are mostly used for evening, with the addition of a few stray curls; but for ordinary wear the *greque* coil is by far the most ladylike and sensible. FLOY.

How Countess Notes are Made.

A party of men, say from three to a dozen, get together and hold frequent meetings, and act according to a plan laid down. One or two will find out some copperplate printer in the employ of the bank-note company—in fact all such printers are known by the party. These men will manage to meet one of the printers. Then they offer him from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars to procure a certain kind of impression. This impression is procured in this wise: The printer will take an impression upon tin-foil from the plate from which he is printing, which can be done in a moment. This you see every line and size is obtained correctly. From this tin-foil an electrolyte is made. They then get some plate printer that can be found about the city, have a good time with him, and engage him at twenty dollars per day to do the printing. If this plan thousands of copies are struck off which defy detection, except in the quality of the paper, which will slightly differ from the genuine. The place of manufacture is generally some distance from New York, like Staten Island, Flat-bush, or similar localities in that city. It is a strange fact, in every case where a party of this kind exists, that every member lacks confidence in his associate. Every move made by one is narrowly watched by others of the party. It would be death to an informant or spy that did not look well to himself.—*Peter-son's Detector*.

A Batch of Spanish Proverbs. It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing. This term is equally applicable to all ranks. Who ever is ignorant is vulgar. If the street of By-and-by one arrives at the house of Never. Between the "Yes" and "No" of a woman, man should not undertake to thrust the point of a pin. Patience and shuffle the cards. A soldier had better smell gunpowder than musk. Other men's pains, are easily borne. A bad cloak often covers a good drinker. Pray devoutly and hammer stoutly.

We read an account the other day of a justice of the peace in Platte City, Mo., who was new at the business of tying the marriage knot, put the following addition in making the aplice: Them that the court hath juust together let no man bust asunder; but 'suffer little children to come unto them,' so help you God!"

The St. Louis Journal says: "A young man came into the office of this paper yesterday with a manuscript poem. It began with: 'The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow.' His friends may get the body by applying at the basement and paying for the dry goods box containing the remains of the deceased."

IDLE HUSBANDRY GRAY BEARD.

SINGULAR LEXICATE.
In the year 1849 a lady died in the vicinity of Florence, the Signora Trezzia, a maiden lady, possessing large property, who by her will left some extraordinary bequests. To her favorite black dog, Otello, she left a pension of sixty zecchini (about one hundred and fifty dollars) per annum during his life. To her Argona cat, Columbine, thirty zecchini (about seventy-five dollars) per annum during her life; the like sum to Desdemona Pantalone, Schanamucho and three other cats, during their respective lives. To her favorite Canary birds, Jenny Lind and Rubini, and some others bearing similar operatic cognomina, she left thirty zecchini for their joint lives, with survivorship. She appointed her house-keeper and camerista or waiting maid, joint guardians of the above amiably legacies. The partiality for cats in Italy is almost proverbial, and exceeds that of any other country in the world. It is termed the *Passione gattacca*, or passion for cats. Petrarch had a cat; pus or miccia, as he used to call her, (and as all cats are still called in Italy,) was Petrarch's first love.

Sound, we all know, is reflected just as light, and may be brought quite in the same way to a focus. A word spoken in the focus of one ellipse will be heard in the focus of an opposite ellipse hundreds of yards away. Such a principal was illustrated only in the great church of Agrigento, in Sicily. The architect, perhaps intentionally, built several confessionals of an elliptic form, with corresponding opposite ellipses, in which whoever stood heard all the secrets whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal sprang up in the town; nobody's sins were safe from getting into "accountable publicity." Sinners changed their confessor at once; their misdeeds still remained town property. The church soon became such a temple of truth that nothing was left to be hidden in it; but at last, by chance, a discovery was made of the character of the tale-telling stones, and the walls had their ears stopped.

PATENT MEDICINES.

The following certificate to the efficacy of patent pills is taken from an old Philadelphia paper published more than twenty years ago—before the vendors of patent nostrums had learned the art of puffing their wares—but for an early attempt will, we think, do pretty well: I, John Lubberlie, was supposed to be in the last stage of consumption, in the year 1848, suffering at the same time under a severe attack of rheumatism, liver complaint, gravel, dropsy, and cholera morbus. Simultaneously, also, I took yellow fever and small-pox. The latter assuming the chronic form of scrofula, completely destroyed my lungs, liver, spinal marrow, nervous system, and the entire contents of my cranium. I got so low that I did not know my brother-in-law when he came to borrow money. For three months I swallowed nothing but twenty packages of Kunkel-hansen's Pills, which effected an immediate cure in two weeks. Skorn to, subscribed, &c.

P. S.—My late uncle, Bacchus Pottenger, was afflicted so long with the gout (contracted by living too much on his life's meat and allegor's eggs) that his feet became a burden to him. He took only four boxes of said pill, and life was a burden to him no longer.

A DUTY CONSCIENCE.

When Dr. Quine, afterwards Dean, of St. Paul's, took possession of his first living, as he walked into the churchyard, he took up a skull thrown by the sexton out of a grave, and in it found a small headless nail, which he drew out secretly, and wrapped it in the corner of his handkerchief. He then asked the grove digger if he knew whose the skull was? He replied that it was the skull of a man who had kept a liquor shop and who having gone to bed intoxicated was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?" asked the doctor. "Yes." "What characteristics does he bear?" "A very good one; only the neighbor reflect on her, because she married the day after her husband's burial." A few days afterwards the doctor paid the woman a visit, as if by accident; asked her some questions; and at last, of what sickness her former husband had died. As she was telling him the same story as the sexton, he opened his handkerchief, and cried out in an authoritative voice: "Woman, do you know this nail?" Struck with horror she instantly confessed the murder, for which she was afterwards tried and imprisoned for life.

"ARE you not afraid that this key will get up into your head?" asked a stranger of a man he saw drinking at a bar. "No," said the toper; "this liquor is too weak to climb."

A LITTLE girl, of eight or ten summers, being asked what dust was, replied that it was mud with the juice squeezed out.

Prevention of Cruelty to Human Animals.

The allurements held out in acrobatic entertainments to a depraved popular taste which finds its favorite rest in seeing human life imperiled need not, perhaps concern the press so long as the performer's peril may be counteracted by his own skill. No legislative interference would be admissible to prevent an adult gymnast of presumably sane mind from risking his life in any absurd feat where the loss of that life would be attributed only to his own clumsiness; and accordingly, if one individual chose to display on a tight-rope stretched a hundred feet above the earth tricks which would show as much dexterity if done at an elevation of six feet, or another see fit to hazard his neck by gyrating among the rafters of a theatre in a "daring act of zampillatation," we have nothing to do but to hold our tongues and silently wonder why the public should wish to see the athlete killed rather than merely bruised. But persons *non compos mentis* and infants are properly wards of the state, and when the adventurous funambulist undertakes to propel an unskilled imbecile in a wheelbarrow along his dizzying cord, or the flying trapeze hero pitches a young child about in mid-air, we have a right to protest against such exhibitions. For, clearly, the wheelbarrow imbecile would be unable to save himself in case of any mischance, nor could he be saved by his conductor, whose own deafness, moreover, would be quite as well proven in trundling an equal weight of inanimate freight. And in the still more sickening spectacle of trifling with the lives and limbs of children there is even less excuse, since the victims are incapable of giving valid consent to the danger where they are exposed. Be it remembered, too, that they who gain the principal credit in these unwarrantable performances incur little if any personal risk. The young woman who is captivating London sight-seers by the peculiarly feminine exploit of hanging her head downwards from a bar near the roof, and holding a male idiot suspended by her teeth; if we firmly brace her to likely to suffer injury herself; but the slightest relaxation of her jaws would render her associate a corpse or a cripple. The Hansons, who are tossing a child to and fro between their while swinging high over the heads of admiring Parisian spectators; the dashing equestrians who in every circus precariously poise other children on various parts of their persons; the proud parents who balance their progeny on poles and ladders—all these are confident enough of their own safety; but the real jeopardy falls on the little ones who play the passive part. More than a few deaths (the world is not yet sufficiently just to call them murders) have already resulted from these barbarous exhibitions, and it is full time that all enlightened nations should take steps to suppress them.

Too Poor to Take a Paper.

Moore, of the *Rural New-Yorker*, was sitting in his office one afternoon some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said: "Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard that I cannot pay for it." "Is that so friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear you are so poor; if you are so hard run I will give you my paper." "Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift." "Well, then, let's see how we can fix it. You have chickens, I believe." "Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything, hardly." "Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and you give me one hen select from your lot of chickens one, and call it mine. Take good care of her, and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we shall call it square."

"All right, Mr. Moore," and the farmer chuckled at what he thought to be a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that had paid four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke himself, and he says that he never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper from that day.

"When you find a newspaper on a ball-room floor it isn't always proper to pick it up, and wonder where it came from, and ask unnecessary questions concerning the peculiarity of the folds. We know a young man who did that not long since and he couldn't get another girl to dance with him during the evening. Accidents will happen in such a 'bustling' throng of people as are generally congregated on a ball-room floor."

FARMERS who do not cultivate or prune their orchards, or prune their trees are very often to be heard complaining of the failure of their apple crop, and attributing it to the drouth, or the wet, or the frost—to everything but their own negligence.

A WOMAN is generally more economical than a man, because her "waist" is smaller.

The Word of a Spaniard.

In the war, between England and Spain, in the early part of the reign of Richard III., two distinguished warriors, Robert Hill and John Shakell, knights, happened to take in battle the Count de Dena, a Spanish nobleman of great rank and fortune, who, being by the law of arms adjudged their prisoner, was brought to England, where he left his eldest son as a pledge while he went to Spain in order to raise his own ransom. The Count, on his return home, neglected to send the money, and in a little time paid the debt of nature; so that, the title and estates devolving on the young hostage, the king importunately solicited the English heroes to release the Spanish cavalier. The knights, so far from complying with the king's request, would not even discover the place in which they had concealed him, and were, therefore, sent to the Tower. They made their escape and took sanctuary in Westminster Abbey; but Shakell, being seized by a party of soldiers, headed by the Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the king, was recommitted to the Tower, after Hall had been slain in bravely defending himself. When the Council sat upon the affair, it was resolved that Shakell should discover and deliver up the Count, and be set at liberty, upon consideration that the king should settle upon him lands to the amount of a hundred marks a year, and pay him down five hundred marks in lieu of the expected ransom. As it appeared vain to withstand the Council, Shakell produced his captive, who was no other than the man that waited on him. The honorable Spaniard had so great a regard for the word which he had solemnly passed when he was accepted as a hostage, that he scorned to discover himself without the permission of the knight whose prisoner he was; so that in the sanctuary and in the Tower he served him in disguise, neglecting both his quality and his interest when he stood in competition with his honor.

Max Andler Remains Thanks for Congressional Literary Favor.

"We owe our thanks to Judge Kelley for the latest Patent-office Report. We already have sixteen hundred of these interesting volumes in our little library, but they have been read and re-read so many times that we know every page of them by heart. This new volume came opportunely and gratefully on Christmas morning, and that night we gathered our little family around the fire and read it through to them. The affecting tale entitled "Improvement in Monkey Wrenches," seemed to touch every heart, and when we came to the climax of the little story about "Reverend P. Boards," there was not a dry eye between the front door and the stable. During the reading of that piteous narrative, called "Gum Washers for Carriage Axles," the whole family gave expression to boisterous emotion, and the hired girl was so much excited that she lost her presence of mind and went around to her mother's inadvertently with six pounds of sugar and a butter-cake full of flour, and came home at midnight intoxicated. We can never sufficiently thank Judge Kelley for the innocent enjoyment thus furnished us. The memory of that happy evening will linger in our minds very much longer than that hired girl's wanderings when she lights on a lot of evil usage which she thinks will suit the constitution of her aged parent."

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is going to write a book on his imprisonment. His avowal shall be written in blood and bone with the hide of a Congressman. There would make it puerile to water, and we doubt whether it would stand white or Credit Mobilier stock.—*Exchange*.

THE roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them, and they are the only ones which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

THERE are two ways of going through this world. One is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work for poor pay.

"SAY Jones, what's the matter with your eye?" "Oh, nothing, only my eye made this morning I'd better get up and make a fire; I told her to make it herself—that's all."

It is stated as a zoological fact that the milk of a young cow is apt to be foaming, which is highly probable, as the creature is naturally bellicose.

If you wish to fatten chickens, turkeys, or any kind of poultry, don't give them the freedom of a ten acre field. Keep them within a small enclosure.

A FELLOW, on being told that women were the most unattractive creatures in the world, replied that he had always been fond of hugging delusions.

What is the difference between a dress and a drawn tooth? One is a thin and the other is tooth out.

"CAPITAL" affairs—national losses.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1877.

It is a wholesome maxim of moral philosophy, more forcibly than spiritually expressed, that we should "give the sword to the sheath." how much more it may offend the preachers and the one-eyed politicians, who can see only the virtues of their own party, and are blind to the good proposed by an opponent.

Mr. Thomas, the Radical member from Lewis, and recent candidate for the office of Lieutenant Governor, offered a resolution that it was the sense of the House, that the act authorizing the purchase of "Collins' History of Kentucky" is unconstitutional and should be repealed. The resolution was referred to the committee on the judiciary. The resolution may be smothered by this committee, which can only view it from a constitutional standpoint. It is not certain that the act, as the member from Lewis supposes, is unconstitutional, but there can be little doubt that it is one of those grants, almost outrageous, impolitic, and a law made in the interest of one man. The sole design of it was to put money in the pockets of Collins the younger, at the expense of the State and to the prejudice of the common school districts of the respective counties. The simple fact, that the act itself provided that the school districts failing to vote at all of the question, whether a proportion on the common school fund due such districts should be applied for the purchase of the history, should be deemed favorable to the purchase, affords a strong presumption that those who were friends to the measure were afraid to risk a free and fair investigation of the subject. This election, by the terms of the bill, was fixed to take place in ten days after its passage, and the people throughout the State had no knowledge or information that they would be required or expected to express themselves upon a matter of such great interest to their children. Had it been generally known, it is not too much to say that Mr. Collins would not have received enough in the way of money to pay him for the printing. No possible good can result from the longer continuance in force of this act. Collins may have made some expenditures, on the faith that the Legislature would not repeal the law; but it must be borne in mind that his only object was to benefit himself at the expense of the State, and the representatives of the State should feel it to be their duty to see that he does not do it.

The subject of the radical member from Lewis, whether it is the proper way of obtaining it or not, is a good one; and we protest against the practice so painfully prevalent in deliberative bodies of recent years, of smothering any measure simply because it comes from the minority side. The Radical members of the Kentucky Legislature are gentlemen above the average of intelligence usually found in that body. They are gentlemen of good character at home. This intelligence and reputation should give them a better reception in a Democratic Legislature than the gag.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.
As a rule, class legislation is odious; it is no funeral of ours, but we cannot refrain from expressing the strongest disapprobation of the recent action of the Senate of Kentucky in passing a bill to empower Charles Ruff, of the city of Louisville, to retail spirituous liquors at Lebanon Junction, Bullitt county. This county had procured the passage of an act prohibiting within its limits the sale of any intoxicating beverage. The senators were all closed out by the act, and Charles Ruff, who has made a fair estate in the city of Louisville by the sale of fine wines and rotten cypresses, seeing that a good thing would be to get in monopoly of the business of whiskey selling in Bullitt county, makes his application to the assembled Legislature at Frankfort to be specially licensed for it is purpose. To the shame of the Senate, or rather to the shame of its members who voted yes, the bill passed. Now this is none of our business in particular; it does not affect this section, but when such a high-handed, legislative outrage is inflicted upon any community by any legislative assembly, it deserves to be marked and unflinchingly condemned. Democrats who voted for this measure, can with a fair show of consistency be considered, and even upon the partisan legislation of a Radical Congress!

Bullitt county wants to banish whiskey from her limits; her citizens obtain the passage of an act for the purpose, and no power is the side stepped and the gate shut down, then a foreigner thrusts himself to the front, and asks the special privilege of inflicting upon this county the very evil, in the exercise of which she does not tolerate her own people. The granting of the privilege by the Senate, so far as it was able to grant it, was a gross act of injustice to the citizens of Bullitt county, and fully illustrates what one man with whiskey and money can do in manipulating Senators, who should, at least, have enough of pride to resist the efforts of an over-reaching Dalmatian to make out his jaws and juckness of them. It affords us pleasure to note that the Senator from this district, the Hon. A. G. Talbot, stoutly opposed the indecent thing.

The matter is of no special consequence in itself to any outside of Bullitt county; but we observe in it such a painful analogy to that direful character of legislation in Congress, which has done more to lay waste the fair South than the ravages of war, that the question becomes pertinent, did Democrats do this?

On Thursday, February 6, inst., the Senate passed the House bill authorizing the killing wolves, foxes and mink.

COUNTY CLAIMS.

Among the bills now pending in the Legislature, we notice one providing that all claims against a county shall be filed by the claimant with the clerk of the County Court, at least ten days before the first day of the Court of Claims. The necessity of such a law is apparent by the analogy of the law which requires an ordinary proceeding in the circuit courts or quarterly courts to be filed, and notice thereof given to the debtor, at least ten days before the first day of the term at which the case is set for trial. In the case of a claim against the county, the latter stands in the attitude of a defendant, and is represented in the court of claims by her attorney. As the law now exists, the attorney has no notice of the claim until it is given to the clerk of the court in term time, and a question of law which may arise upon it, a motion for allowance is made, and the claim rushed hastily through, when it may be one for which the county is not in fact responsible. It may likewise happen that, although the county is properly chargeable with a claim, if the amount thereof is reasonable, yet the charge is so exorbitant that the necessity arises of scaling it. In such a case, if the attorney for the county has not had reasonable opportunity for investigating it, and ascertaining the fact upon which it is based, the tax-payers of the county are afflicted with a burden which, in justice, they ought not to bear.

The character of proceeding in the court of claims is altogether too much in the nature of *ex parte* work. The advantage is almost, if not altogether, on the side of the claimant. To make the advantages equal, or more properly said, yet more commonly speaking, to have the county and claimant given equal chances, some law necessary by which the county, through her attorney, may have a fair opportunity to marshal such testimony as can be reasonably adduced against a claim which is either altogether fraudulent or extravagant in its amount. We do not favor this law for the purpose of throwing any obstacle in the way of a just claimant, but simply to have a fair test given to claims which may be regarded as unjust. A real and bona fide creditor cannot be injured by it. An unjust one is only checked.

Col. C. E. Bowman, of Boyle county, is being urged to become a candidate for the State Senate, in the district composed of Boyle, Casey, Garrard and Lincoln counties. We have no doubt Col. B. would make an excellent Senator, but as Boyle has the choice of candidates, we think she might afford to stand aside. There are plenty of able and honorable gentlemen, fully competent, in the other counties comprising the district. We could suggest Hon. Geo. R. McKee, of this county; Hon. T. W. Varner, Lincoln; or Col. Frank Wolford, Casey. Our first choice would be Hon. Geo. R. McKee, but if the choice was allowed this county, as it should be, we would not object to the nomination, we would also mention W. D. Hopper, of R. M. Burdett, Esq., both of whom are able gentlemen, fully competent, and very popular.—*Lancaster News.*

To a portion of the above clipping we yield the heartiest assent. That Boyle had the last choice of candidates is true, and that there are other honorable gentlemen in the district competent in every respect to discharge the varied duties incumbent upon a State Senator, will be likewise conceded. We have no word of disparagement to say either of the Hon. G. R. McKee, Col. Woodford or R. M. Burdett; but we have an especial commendation for the Hon. Thos. W. Varner. But few men in the State of Kentucky enjoy a ripe legislative experience. With the uses and peculiarities of parliamentary bodies, he is fully conversant. His good judgment, moral standing, and general usefulness have been recognized by the different Assemblies of which he has been a member. He is now the representative of this county, and besides being on many important committees, he is chairman of the Committee on Codes of Practice. He is likewise a member of the Joint Committee on Revision of the Statutes. At another time, and at a most critical period, he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. There is one reason why Mr. Varner should be given by his party the nomination, which we regard as peculiarly good; that is, the fact that he is now a member of the Joint Committee on the Revision of the Statutes. The labors of the Revisors cannot be completed this session. A part of their work will require supervision at the next session of the Legislature, and since Mr. Varner has gotten fairly into the work, we think it is very likely that he could be better able to assist in the completion than a new hand.

While we most earnestly recommend Mr. Varner to the Democracy of the district, we would counsel, in the outset, against such bitterness of rivalry as will mar the harmony of the party.

Last week, in the House of Representatives, a bill was laid on the table which proposed the taxation of bank stock for purposes for county and municipal purposes. We had thought that it was one of the cardinal features of the Democratic party, that taxation should be equal. One of its maxims, and political catchwords, has been "equal rights to all and exclusive privileges to none." Why this action was taken is one of those occurrences, the motive of which, like the verdict of a jury, is so much involved in mystery that it could not be foreknown. Certainly we cannot say that banks and railroads, that have nothing but money to back them, are more favorably regarded by our wise and upright legislators than poor men who dig the soil, and count their treasure by the nickel! Perish the thought!

E. R. CHENAULT's drug store is now on the southeast corner of Main and Lancaster streets.

HON. E. L. VANWINKLE.

Leave has been obtained in the House of Representatives, to bring in a bill appropriating a sufficient sum to erect a monument over the remains of the Hon. E. L. Vanwinkle, late Secretary of State.

Mr. Vanwinkle was well and favorably known both in this judicial and Congressional district. In the year 1856 he was elected Commonwealth's attorney, and discharged the duties of that office with an amount of real, ability and integrity, that left no room for assault upon his diligence, or charges against his official integrity. A violator of the law never purchased from him a dismissal of an indictment.

In the year 1860 he was elected for the State at large on the Bell and Everett ticket.

On the accession of Gov. Bramlette to the gubernatorial chair, he was made Secretary of State, and died during his incumbency.

Kentucky cannot afford to honor all her dead, who in life carved for themselves a place in history, but some less worthy than Vanwinkle, of far less natural ability, and of no greater amount of service to the State, has the honor bestowed of erecting suitable monuments to their memory, and we see no good reason why this man shall lie in an unmarked grave. He died young—before his powers were matured. Had he lived longer, Kentucky at his death would have felt that she did herself honor in honoring him.

Our very worthy Vice President, Colfax, has been recently engaged with Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, in the old-fashioned game of "I tickle you and you tickle me." It is doubtless remembered by our readers that Pomeroy was recently a candidate for reelection to the United States Senatorship, from Kansas; that he endeavored to secure his election by bribery, and was thoroughly exposed before the Legislature of that State by Col. York, which exposition resulted in his ruinous defeat and disgrace. Pomeroy, whose term of office has not yet expired, the other day made a great show of confidence in his ability to manifest his innocence, by denouncing a committee, composed entirely of his political opponents, for investigation of the public charges against him. The Speaker, Vice President Colfax, unquestionably pursued to a private understanding with Pomeroy, appointed the committee, but placed on it a majority of Republicans, who were not only politically but personally favorable to Pomeroy. Among the number were those two far-famed and widely-renowned white-washers of crime, Buckingham and Frelinghuysen. Although it is scarcely within the limits of possibility that the Senate will have time to go fairly through the investigation, yet the point of this sly piece of strategy comes in here. Colfax is entangled in the meshes of the Credit Moblier Swindle. The testimony all goes to show this, and as yet no countervailing proof has been brought forward except the naked and unsupported word of the "great smiler." There is a strong probability that articles of impeachment will be preferred against Mr. Colfax, and when the trial comes it will afford him great consolation to know, that Pomeroy, to whom he has rendered such invaluable service will be one of the judges. So the game proceeds. In these high places we see the mean-spiritedness of two imbecile public functionaries scorching each other's backs.

FRANKFORT JOURNAL: "It will be remembered that a suit was instituted last Summer in the Woodford Circuit Court by Adam Harper, against Wallace Harper for alleged defamation of character, in connecting said Adam Harper with the murder of Jacob and Betsey Harper in September, 1872. Damages are claimed in the sum of \$500,000. At the last October term of the Woodford Circuit Court a change of venue was asked for and obtained by the plaintiff to Scott county, and the trial is fixed for the first Monday in March. The parties have been for several days in the city taking depositions in the case before Eugene P. Moore, Esq., examiner. The plaintiff is represented by A. J. James, Esq., and T. P. Porter, Esq., and the defendant by Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, G. R. McKee, Esq., and J. E. Cantrell, Esq.

The news from Spain is to the effect that King Amadeus manifests a disposition to abdicate the throne, in which case he will resign his power into the hands of Cortes. The King's disposition to quit the throne is attributed to the difference between him and his ministry, which arose in November last. The Carlists are making serious demonstrations in Navarre and Guipuzcoa.

THERE seems to be some prospect of an adjustment, designed to be amicable, of matters of difference between the two Louisiana Legislatures. In God's name let it be done, and let the country, the newspapers and the people be rid of it. It is a bore.

CHOICE cigars and tobacco at E. R. CHENAULT's.

On Wednesday last, warrants from Judge Ballard's court were served on the eight Democratic Judges of the Lexington municipal election, upon a charge of obstructing certain persons from the exercise of the right of suffrage.

A COMPLETE stock of drugs, paints, oils, dye-stuffs, &c., at E. R. CHENAULT's.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is to lecture in Louisville on the 21st inst.

GEO. D. WEAREN & CO., sell 8 lbs good N. O. sugar for \$1.

The will of John J. Crittenden lies in St. Louis, on Monday.

BOOKS and stationery at E. R. CHENAULT's. Special attention to school-books.

The British Parliament re-assembled on the 6th inst.

JNO. O. McALISTER,

DEALER IN

*Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

QUEENSWARE,

CARPETING, Etc.

Old Folio's Building, North Side Main Street, STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

A Large Stock of

Gents' Furnishing

GOODS.

HAMBERG

Laces and Edgings.

The Patronage of the Public is Respectfully Solicited. 46-ly

Business House

FOR SALE

REASONABLE TERMS.

It is well situated and adapted for a furniture store, or any kind of mercantile business. Full as the Interior Journal office, or address new at Stanford for further information. 18-ly GEORGE W. COOK.

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OR—

EXCHANGE!!

It is well situated and adapted for a furniture store, or any kind of mercantile business. Full as the Interior Journal office, or address new at Stanford for further information. 18-ly GEORGE W. COOK.



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Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue

Hardy Bulbs

Send free to all who apply. Address: HANZ & MEYER, 18-ly

KENTUCKY

PIANO MANUFACTORY.

TIDE GREEN AND D. LINDEHUT

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PIANO FORTE

MANUFACTURERS,

WAREROOM:

Radd's Block, Second and Jefferson.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Parties desiring to purchase a

First-Class Piano

will do well and

SAVE MONEY

By calling on the Manufacturers.

OLD PIANOS EXCHANGED.

EVERY PIANO WARRANTED FOR

10 YEARS.

Removes—George T. Fane, by T. W. Hopper and W. M. Higgins, Executors, &c., &c. Price for furnished on application or advertisement given by Fred. J. C. McKee, Louisville, Ky. 6-ly

Mrs. M. GILHAM,

Milliner and Mantua-maker,

North Side Main Street first door above Commercial Hotel.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE and elegant assortment of

Millinery Goods,

Notions,

FANCY GOODS,

—AND—

TRIMMINGS,

And is fully prepared to furnish the public generally with all the latest style goods in her line.

Mrs. Gilham's long experience in the millinery business warrants the belief that she will give her patrons entire satisfaction.

Ladies in this and adjoining counties will find it greatly to their interest to visit the store of Mrs. Gilham before purchasing elsewhere. 6-ly

Now is the Time

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INTERIOR JOURNAL,

Published every Friday morning at

Two Dollars

Per Annum.

The proprietors will spare no pains in making it a first-class newspaper, devoted to the interests of this particular section, and the development of the resources of this and adjoining counties.

The News, Markets, Education, Literature, Agriculture, Etc., Etc., Etc.,

Should be the chief features of its columns.

Politically, the INTERIOR JOURNAL is strictly Democratic, and will rise or fall with that party.

COAL

T. T. Bayless, agent for the sale of W. O. Owsley's superior coal, will furnish coal in any quantities to suit purchasers, at the lowest market price.

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The Grain Crop.
The prospects of the grain crop next summer are particularly interesting to the planters of the South, and, indeed, to the farmers of the country at large. It is highly probable that there will be an unusual demand for breadstuffs. The London Times states, on the authority of the ablest grain statistician of England, that there will be a large falling off in the grain crop throughout the United Kingdom next summer, owing to the very unfavorable weather which has prevailed, and England will be a heavy buyer of breadstuffs. On the heels of the bad season comes the prospect of a bloody war between Great Britain and Russia, which will make her need of foreign supplies of provisions greater than ever. In this country the unusual severity of the present winter has probably destroyed a great deal of the grain sown, and the deficiency will have to be made good in part by spring wheat. The planters of the South can draw their own inferences from the facts we have recited above as to the state of the market. It would seem that they would find greater profit in sowing spring wheat freely instead of devoting their attention almost exclusively to cotton.

The young lady who was taken into custody, for stealing a glance, was bailed out.

Disciples of Kuox—prize-fighters.

COAL! COAL!
Pine Hill Coal.

THOS. BUFORD,
Standard, Ky., is sole agent for the justly celebrated Pine Hill Coal, and is prepared to furnish the citizens of Standard and vicinity, and the public generally, for cash, the best coal in the mountains of Kentucky, from the mines of Harris & Co.

Will sell in any quantities, and deliver.

Office Near Depot. Orders Solicited.

Beautiful Building Lot FOR SALE!

I HAVE a beautiful building lot, of about 50 acres, situated on the Louisville turnpike, near the suburbs of Standard, containing 2000 feet of frontage, which I will sell on reasonable terms. There is not a more desirable lot in this section of the country. For further information call on my office.

JOHN C. COOPER.

HERE! HERE!
FALL OPENING OF NEW GOODS AT

E. B. HAYDEN'S.

Having just returned from the markets with a full lot of

Fall and Winter Goods!
I now invite you to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, NOTION, READYMADE CLOTHING, Boots and Shoes, Cloths, Cassimeres, Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, &c.

In the line of Boots, Shoes, and Ready-made Clothing, we can exhibit one of the largest stocks to be found in this part of the State. In a word, we have a well-selected stock of goods, embracing everything usually found in a first-class dry goods house, and propose to sell them on as favorable terms as any house in Kentucky.

Thankful to the community for past favors, a continuance of your custom is solicited.

E. B. HAYDEN.

Grandest Scheme of the Age.

\$500,000 CASH GIFTS.

\$100,000 FOR ONLY \$10.

Under authority of special legislation of March 10, 1872, the trustees now announce the Third Grand Gift Lottery, for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, to come in on Tuesday, April 8th, 1873.

All tickets for the lottery will be prepared from all parts of the country, and will be distributed by the trustees, at the rate of one dollar per ticket, and ten thousand cash gifts, amounting to a total of half a million dollars currency, will be distributed by lot to the ticket-holders, as follows:

LIST OF GIFTS:
One Grand Cash Gift, \$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift, \$50,000
One Grand Cash Gift, \$25,000
One Grand Cash Gift, \$10,000
One Grand Cash Gift, \$5,000
One Grand Cash Gift, \$2,500
One Grand Cash Gift, \$1,000
One Grand Cash Gift, \$500
One Grand Cash Gift, \$250
One Grand Cash Gift, \$100
One Grand Cash Gift, \$50
One Grand Cash Gift, \$25
One Grand Cash Gift, \$10
One Grand Cash Gift, \$5
One Grand Cash Gift, \$2
One Grand Cash Gift, \$1
One Grand Cash Gift, \$500,000

To provide means for this magnificent object, one hundred thousand tickets will be issued, at a price of one dollar per ticket, and ten thousand cash gifts, amounting to a total of half a million dollars currency, will be distributed by lot to the ticket-holders, as follows:

PRICE OF TICKETS:
Whole tickets \$10, halves \$5, and quarters \$2.50. Eleven whole tickets for \$100. No discount on less than \$100 orders. Nothing can be more advantageous than to purchase tickets in this manner, as the chances of winning are greatly increased. The object of this Third Gift Lottery is the enlargement and adornment of the Public Library of Kentucky, which, by the systematic and judicious purchase of books, will be made one of the most valuable and useful institutions in the State. It is to be forever free to all citizens of every rank, and will be a source of instruction and amusement to the young, and a repository of knowledge and wisdom to the old. The lottery is a thoroughly honest and a thoroughly patriotic scheme, and one which will be a source of instruction and amusement to the young, and a repository of knowledge and wisdom to the old. The lottery is a thoroughly honest and a thoroughly patriotic scheme, and one which will be a source of instruction and amusement to the young, and a repository of knowledge and wisdom to the old.

COOKING STOVES, Heating Stoves, Large Stoves, Small Stoves, Stoves of Every Kind, AT—

OWSLEY & HOPPER'S.

Sole agent for the

Wallace Patent Grate.

A large lot on hand.

Everything in the

Hardware Line!

AT—

OWSLEY & HOPPER'S.

A new lot of family groceries just received

NEW FIRM

A. G. PENDLETON. W. H. HOCKER.

PENDLETON & HOCKER,
North Side Main Street,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

GROCERIES, Hardware, PRODUCE, Boots, Shoes, NOTIONS, Confectioneries, TIN-WARE, Hollow-ware, Etc.,

HAVING recently formed a partnership with the determination to keep a full line of staple goods, and sell them at cheap prices. We ask the patronage of our friends and the public generally, promising to make it to their interest to deal with us.

Produce of All Kinds taken in Exchange for Goods.

STANFORD Business Directory.

CONTRACTORS.

JOHN W. GILMAN, Carpenter.
THOMAS J. ATKINS, Metal Working and Ornamental.
RIPLEY FLOW MANUFACTURING,
West End Main, J. W. Wallace Proprietor.
MATHEW WRIGHT, Painter, West End.
GEORGE MYERS, Brick Mason, Main Street.

DRY GOODS.

CRABO & McALISTER, South Main Street.
E. B. HAYDEN, South Main Street.
SEVERANCE & MILLER, West Side Main Street.
McALISTER & MILLER, Odd Fellow Building, North Main Street.

INSURANCE AGENTS.

A. J. CAMPBELL, Sins, Hartford, office Main Street.
F. J. CAMPBELL, Royal, Liverpool, England; Phoenix, Hartford, Interior Journal Office.

MILLINERY.

MRS. L. BEZLEY, One Door West Post Office.
MRS. T. DAVIS, Near Depot.
MRS. M. GILMAN, Main Street over Crabo & McAlister's Store.

HOTELS.

CLARVINE HOUSE, David Givens, Proprietor, Court Square.
CARPENTER HOUSE, Corner Somerset and Main.

MANUFACTURERS.

STANFORD WOOLLEN MILLS, E. B. Hayden & Son, Proprietors, West End.
DENNIS & CLARK, Carriage Makers, West End.
WILEY H. BRADY, Boot and Shoe Maker, Cor. Main and Lancaster Streets, E. B. Hayden.

GROCERIES and HARDWARE.

A. OWSELY, Corner Main and Lancaster Streets.
WATERS & DAWSON, West Side Lancaster Street.

DRUG STORES.

ED. R. CHENAUET, North Main Street.
WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, South Main Street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

SAM. S. MATHENY, Corner Somerset and Main Streets.
SAM. F. WILKINSON, Post Office Building.

TIN SHOPS.

THOMAS J. ATKINS, Corner Main and Lancaster Street—Up Stairs.
PETER STRAUB, West End.

GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES.

G. D. WEAREN, South Main.

LIVERY STABLES.

JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.
JAMES E. BRUCE, Depot Street.

COAL DEALERS.

THOMAS J. DAVIES, Near the Depot.
JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.
THOMAS BUFORD, Office Near Depot.

UNDERTAKERS.

STROTHER D. MYERS, East End.

CONFECTIONERIES.

CLARKSON & DODDS, North Main Street.

BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.
A. B. OWEN, West End.

NEW IMPORTATION!!

STOVES! STOVES!

Stoves and Grates!

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves, Large Stoves, Small Stoves, Stoves of Every Kind, AT—

OWSLEY & HOPPER'S.

Sole agent for the

Wallace Patent Grate.

A large lot on hand.

NEW FALL GOODS.

SEVERANCE, MILLER & CO.,
North Side Main Street, Stanford, Kentucky.

Age new opening their Fall and Winter stock of goods, and invite their friends and the public to call and examine them. The attention of the ladies is called to our attractive stock of

DRESS GOODS,

Among which will be found all the popular colors and fabrics. Plain and Fancy Linens, Plain Black Linens, All Wool Delaines, Assorted Colored Poplins, Printed Cotton Delaines, Merinos, Empire Cloths, Japanese Silks, Satines, etc.

Notions.

Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Ladies Vests and Pants, Gentlemen's Linen Shirts, Merino Shirts and Drawers, Trunks, Valises, etc., etc.

Domestics.

Prints, Brown Cottons, Bleached Cottons, Tickings, Linings, White and Colored Flannels.

Boots and Shoes

A specialty. In our stock will be found the best home-made Booting, Kid, Pebble Goat, and Calf Shoes for women, children, and children. Also Men's, Boys' and Youth's Boots and Shoes of the best manufacture.

Hats, Caps, etc., etc.

We have a Complete

Assortment of Glass and Queensware, Table Cutlery, Scissors, etc., etc. In a word, everything usually found in a first-class general store. (Come and see for yourselves before buying elsewhere.)

SEVERANCE & MILLER.

JOB PRINTING.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

Job Printing Office

Is prepared with a new outfit of type and presses to fill all orders promptly and carefully for all kinds of

CARDS, POSTERS, DODGERS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, &c.

Now is the Time to Advertise your Business!!

G. R. WATERS. **W. L. DAWSON.**

WATERS & DAWSON'S

MAIN STREET SUPPLY STORE.

A COMPLETE FAMILY GROCERY.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!!

Waters & Dawson

Invite the attention of the public to their Fresh Stock of Groceries, Confectioneries, Queensware, Produce, Salt, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Wooden and Wicker Ware, Etc., Etc.

Everything in the

HARDWARE LINE!

Come and see our Large Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FAMILY SUPPLY STORE

Is what we claim to keep.

The farmer will find here a ready sale for his produce of all kinds, at the HIGHEST PRICES.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON

SEWING MACHINE.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, having had eighteen years experience in manufacturing and selling Sewing Machines, and employing the ablest mechanical talent in this country and in Europe, now offer the public

confident that it possesses all the advantages which experience has shown essential to a perfect Sewing Machine.

The principle is the same as in the Old Wheeler & Wilson Machine, but changes have been made which increase its efficiency, while at the same time less wear and skill are required in its management. Scams are crowded with ease. The work guided with scarcely an effort. Nearly double its former power. No under tension in management. Every joint can be tightened as fast as it wears.

Over 700,000 Have Been Manufactured and Sold!

200,000 More Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines

have been sold for family use than any other make.

We recommend our customers in the country to purchase their machines direct from our Agents, as the price is the same as at our office, and they can secure, at their own homes, the necessary instructions.

Wm. SUMNER & CO.,
General Agents, Louisville, Ky.

Persons living in either Lincoln or Garrard counties can purchase machines from our agent for those counties, Mr. T. K. Hackley, at Louisville prices, and full instructions will be given by him at the house of purchaser free of charge. Letters addressed to him at Lowell, Ky., will receive prompt attention.

NEW STAGE LINE!

From Stanford to Somerset.

We have now running a daily line of stage from Stanford to Somerset, with first-class coaches and comfortable and well-appointed drivers.

We are prepared to carry promptly, and at low rates, all freight and express for points on the line, take goods to Somerset every morning at 7 o'clock, and arrive at Somerset at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Office—Myers House, Stanford, and Somerset House, Somerset. Stage E. NEWLAND & CO., Prop's.

O. TAYLOR, Proprietor,
ARCHBURN

Livery and Sale Stable,
Alabama, St., near Broad,
ATLANTA GEORGIA.

Prompt attention given stock and drivers, night or day. Trunks can be accommodated with good board and lodging at the stable, by Mrs. Archer.

P. F. WALSH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No 70 Fourth street bet. Main and Market,
Louisville, Ky.

My pattern system, as a specialty, is an acknowledged expert cutter, using original, and adapted to the wants of every customer.

M. CUMMINGS, Agent,
FOR

POOL & CLARK,

Wholesale and retail dealers in Italian and American marble, No. 72 Jefferson street, between 2d and 3d, Louisville, Ky. Every description of sculpture and monumental work, tablets and headstones furnished to order.

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. E. DAVIES

Milliner and Mantua-maker,
Church street near the Depot,
HAS ON HAND AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

Millinery

Fancy Goods,

carefully selected by herself, which she will take pleasure in showing to her customers. Thanking them for their continued patronage she will use her best efforts to please them.

NEW Grocery and Saloon!

T. S. PARSONS,

Has just opened a first-class Saloon and Family Grocery on Main Street, Stanford, Kentucky, opposite the Harris House, and is prepared to furnish his customers choice

FAMILY GROCERIES, Confectioneries, Fruits, Etc.

HIS BAR

Is supplied with the choicest brands of Brandy, Whiskies, Wines, Tobacco, Cigars, etc., the country affords.

He can furnish his friends the best

FOUR YEAR OLD

Anderson county whisky, the

FINEST IN THE MARKET.

NO CURE NO CHARGE

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA

\$1000 WILL BE PAID.

\$1000 Reward offered to the Proprietors of any Medicine for Rheumatism and Neuralgia able to produce a cure in four days, or return the exact amount of money paid for the medicine. The medicine is a vegetable preparation, and is entirely harmless. It is a scientific preparation of an emulsion of cod-liver oil, and is entirely reliable.

\$1000 Reward offered to any Person capable of curing Rheumatism and Neuralgia in one day, or return the exact amount of money paid for the medicine. The medicine is a vegetable preparation, and is entirely harmless. It is a scientific preparation of an emulsion of cod-liver oil, and is entirely reliable.

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THE BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN.

GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.,
DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, PRODUCE, SALT,

Staple Boots and Shoes, Select Pocket and Table Cutlery,

Tea, Spices, Cigars, Tobacco, Tuba, Buckets, Brooms, Baskets, Rope, Twine, Nails, Powder, Shot, Axes, Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, Stationery, Extracts, Soaps, Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Pipes, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Toys, Oysters, Sardines, Pickles, Canned Goods, Confectioneries and Notions Generally.

LIBERAL PRICES PAID FOR MEAL, FLOUR, BACON and LARD, In Exchange for Groceries, Etc.

Special Inducements to Cash Buyers. No Goods Sold on Six or Twelve Month's Time.

MATHEW L. WRIGHT,

PAINTER,
WEST END, STANFORD, KY.

REPERFECTLY collects work in his line. Will contract to work by the job and furnish material, or by the day, material furnished. **Prices Very Low.**

TIN SHOP AND STOVES!

PETER STRAUB,
WEST END STANFORD, KY.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of tin work at my shop near the Woolen Factory.

Always on hand and for sale

Heating and Cooking Stoves, Odd Vases, &c.

Steam Mill Boilers,

And other mill machinery repaired at all times.

Tin and Copper Ware
on hand, for sale cheap.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

PEERLESS BEE-HIVE!!

Patented Dec. 26th, 1871, by

J. S. PROCTER,

Of Franklin, Kentucky.

To Beekeepers Everywhere!

The following points of excellence comprise a list of the many that may be truthfully claimed for my hive:

1. It is simple in construction, neat in appearance and is the most easily understood and managed moracle known to the bee-keeper.

2. The only material required in its construction is 26 feet of lumber, the rails necessary to fasten it together and a few small scraps of wire cloth to cover ventilators. Not a screw, nail, glue, or other expensive material used in its construction.

3. When properly used, it is the coolest hive for summer and warm as the warmest for winter, affording ample protection for the successful wintering of colonies on the summer stand.